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BIOGRAPHICAL.

Samuel Livermore.

Original.

Samuel Livermore, chief justice of New-Hampshire, was probably descended from John Livermore, who was an inhabitant of Watertown as early as 1642. He was born in Waltham Mass. 14th May 1732, old style, and graduated at Nassau-Hall, Princeton, N. J., one of the most ancient and respectable collegiate institutions in the country, in 1752.

He commenced the study of the law with Hon. Edward Trowbridge, and was admitted to practise at the supreme judicial court of New Hampshire in Jan. 1757. He established himself at Portsmouth in 1758, and soon became a distinguished member of the bar.—He was for several years judge advocate of the admiralty court, one of the most honorable and lucrative offices in the province, and in 1769, was commissioned as King's Attorney-General for New Hampshire.

It was in 1765, that Mr Livermore commenced the settlement of the town of Holderness in Grafton county. Of this place, he was one of the original grantees, and eventually became, by purchase, the actual proprietor of about one half of the township. Here he fixed his permanent residence about the commencement of the revolution, and, it is said, possessed little less than absolute power over the inhabitants; his superiority of character adding to the influence he could naturally command from the extent of his possessions.

High in favor as was Mr L. with the royal government, he nevertheless, at the commencement of the troubles with Great-Britain, threw the whole weight of his power and influence into the popular scale. He was several years a Representative in the state legislature from the town of Holderness, after the assumption of government by the people. Before the Revolution, he had been appointed Attorney-General, as successor of Hon. Wyseman Claggett, and in 1776, on the 19th Feb. he was again chosen by the legislature to the same office, as successor to the same gentleman.—On the 23d Dec. his appointment was renewed, as the vote expresses it "for the year ensuing."

It was at this period, that a dispute arose in relation to the jurisdiction of the (so called) New Hampshire Grants, the territory which now constitutes the state of Vermont. This territory, either in whole or in part, was, like another Poland, claimed by three states, New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts; while the inhabitants, acknowledging no authority but their own will, declared it a free and independent state, and exercised all the prerogatives of government. It was then proposed by Congress and assented to by the parties, that the whole affair should be heard and decided by Congress. Accordingly, the legislature of New Hampshire, thinking it neces-

sary to have some gentleman of known legal abilities to act in their behalf, appointed Samuel Livermore on the 4th of Nov. 1779, commissioner to support in conjunction with the delegates in Congress, the claim of New Hampshire to the territory in dispute. But to place him more fully on an equality with the agents of the other states, it was voted on the 31st of Dec. that he be authorised and fully empowered to appear in Congress as a delegate of this state, and there act in all and every matter relative to the boundary line between the states of Massachusetts-Bay, New York and this state, and the claims of the inhabitants settled on the Grants, as fully to all intents and purposes as any or either of the delegates of the states of New York or Massachusetts Bay, being agents in said affair, are authorized to do. By a subsequent vote, his term of office was limited to the first of April 1780. He was however, again appointed on the 1st of June.

Mr Livermore took his seat in Congress on the 7th Feb. 1780, and remained in that body about two years in succession, being re-elected in 1781, on the 19th Jan., the 1st Sept. and the 29th December, the last time to remain till the November following. In 1782, on the 21st of June, before the expiration of his last term as a member of Congress, he was appointed to the high and responsible office of chief justice of the state. The chief justice, at that period, was expected to attend every session of the court, and being usually the only lawyer upon the bench, was of course called upon to decide all questions of law.

In June, 1784, Judge Livermore was appointed, with Messrs Josiah Bartlett, and John Sullivan, a committee to revise the statutes then in force, and report bills necessary to be enacted at that session of the general court.—On the third of November of the same year, he was once more chosen a delegate to the continental Congress, and attended the session of that body in 1785. He did not, however, resign his seat upon the bench.

In 1788, a convention was called in this state to consider of the proposed constitution, submitted to the people by the great and memorable convention at Philadelphia. It was composed almost entirely of men of age, experience and trust; its deliberations were watched with the greatest anxiety, and their final result was considered of the highest importance to the safety of the country. The proposed form of government had been assented to by eight states already, and one more was sufficient to ensure its adoption. Of this body, Mr Livermore was a prominent member, and strenuous in favor of the proposed Constitution; and was appointed on a committee, at the commencement of business, to draft rules for the government of the convention. It was thought necessary by nearly all the members, that certain amendments, providing for a bill of rights, and for the greater security of individu-

al states against the encroachments of the general government, should be incorporated as a part of the instrument. Mr Livermore was one of a large committee to prepare these amendments and submit them to the convention. Mr Atherton of Amherst, the principal leader of those opposed to the constitution, moved that New Hampshire should not be bound by the compact, unless the proposed amendments were adopted. But after a motion and speech from Mr Livermore, it was resolved, that the amendments should be merely submitted to Congress for their consideration. Mr L. then moved the main question, which was decided in the affirmative, a decision which settled the fate of the proposed measure, and which gave us that well-balanced system of government, under which we live.

Under this constitution, which he had taken so prominent a part in establishing, Judge Livermore was chosen a member of the first Congress, and accordingly resigned his office of chief justice of the state, in which he was succeeded by his compatriot, Josiah Bartlett. He was elected, and served a second term as Representative in Congress, till 1793. In 1791, he was returned a member of the convention to revise the state constitution, and was chosen its President. In that capacity he presided over the deliberations of that body, which formed our present state constitution.

In 1793, he was elected, as successor of Paine Wingate, to the Senate of the United States. Of the manner in which he performed the duties of this exalted station, it is only necessary to say, that so well satisfied were those most immediately interested, his constituents, with his conduct, that at the expiration of a full term of six years in 1799, he was re-elected to the same important office. He, however, resigned his seat in 1801, after having been for fifteen years a member of the National Legislature, and without intermission, in public life, more than twice that time. He retired to his seat in Holderness, where he died in May 1803, in the seventy-second year of his age.

Judge Livermore married Jane, daughter of Rev. Arthur Browne, a distinguished episcopal clergyman of Portsmouth. Two of his sons, Edward St. Loe, and Arthur, have been distinguished in public life. The former died at Tewksbury Mass, 22d Sept. 1832, aged 80; having been a justice of the superior court of New Hampshire, and a member of Congress from Massachusetts. The latter, many years chief justice and representative in Congress, is still living at an advanced age in Holderness. One daughter, Eliza, married William Brown of Boston, November 1790.

GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION. The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakspeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation

was so insipid, that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile and say, '*I am not the less Peter Corneille!*'

Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, comparing himself to a banker, who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicole one of the Port-Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit, 'He conquers me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase.' Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, 'I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city.'

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers, but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often at that moment, he labored at some future Spectator!

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to a silent person in a tie-wig. It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote, he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vaucanson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made. Dryden says of himself,—My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

A physical description of the earth is preparing for publication, by Baron Humboldt.

Education of the Deaf and Dumb.

Original.

We were much gratified the other day, in looking over the 18th Report of the Directors of the American Asylum at Hartford, for the education and instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at the success of that Institution, and with the specimens of uncorrected original compositions of some of the deaf mutes. There is appended to the Report, a number of letters—one of them, written by a lad 13 years old to his mother; under instruction only 11 months. It communicates in a concise and comprehensive style, whatever of a local or personal nature would be most likely to interest his parent.

The following short extract we have made from one written by a young lady 17 years old, under instruction 2 years and 10 months. Speaking of the President's traveling among the States of New-Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, &c, she says:—"Many persons cried out 'acclamation,' 'acclamation,'" when he came to the city of Hartford. The deaf and dumb pupils and myself went there to see him riding on his white horse and bowing to the people; many soldiers marching through the streets, and many girls who were standing on the southern side walk wearing white gowns and beautiful roses. The teachers invited the President and Vice President to visit the asylum. They came to the Asylum in the afternoon. Some of the deaf and dumb exhibited their improvement to them and other gentlemen. The President and Vice President liked to see them and approved of their improvement.

Five Legislatures of the States of Maine, Vermont, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut, appropriate money to the deaf and dumb for their education. The deaf and dumb spend four or five years years in learning language, geography, arithmetic, grammar, history, &c. They are happy to talk with their relations by writing and signs, and to work for their support.

The letter addressed to Connecticut river, by a lad 13 years old, under instruction 3 years, shows much imagination and considerable general information; as does the address of one to the volcano Vesuvius. Other specimens are annexed to the Report, no less creditable to the pupils than their teachers; and prove that the undertaking to instruct this class of unfortunates in every useful department of knowledge cannot now be regarded by any one in the light of an experiment.

In the language of the Report, the fact seems now to be satisfactory established, that no deaf mute in New England, who may from this time forward arrive at the age suitable for commencing his education, need be left in ignorance. What a consoling thought to parents of deaf and dumb children!

"At the rate of less than two dollars per annum, board is furnished at the Asylum, tuition in all the branches of a common education and in the great truths of the Christian religion; instruction in some useful employment; books and stationery for the school; washing, lodging, fuel, lights and the continued super-

intendence of the health, deportment and morals of the pupils: thus reducing in point of expense, this most difficult system of education below the level of that pursued in the academies and other schools of the higher order, so justly the boast of New England and of our country."

"According to the census of 1830, the whole number of deaf mutes in the United States was stated at six thousand one hundred and six. About half of which number have either been educated, or are now receiving their education."

We were astonished at the facility and quickness with which the Rev. W. W. Turner, one of the instructors at Hartford communicated to Hiller (who was tried at our last court) the indictment and evidence given against him. It was done as fast as most persons read; and Hiller, who had been instructed at Hartford, perfectly understood the information intended to be conveyed. This individual by the way, is the only one (as we were informed by Mr. Turner,) of about 500 pupils educated at that institution, who has been arraigned in a court of justice; and his character was not the best when he entered the Asylum and it is some time since he left. This fact speaks volumes in favor of the moral discipline and religious instruction of the school. Some of the deaf mutes, instructed there by the munificence of this State, have since married, and are now pursuing the trades taught them at the Asylum, and obtain, to our knowledge, a handsome support for themselves and families.

The deaf and dumb have Temperance and other societies for their mutual improvement, and before which addresses are occasionally delivered, and to which they invite their instructors. These are conducted with the same forms, with as much regularity and interest, as those of their more fortunate fellow men.

Happily cast indeed are the fortunes of all of us of the present generation; but the poor and distressed, the lame and the blind, the orphan and stranger, the unfortunate of almost every class and condition of life may particularly rejoice, that if these things must come to them, they come in the 19th Century, when such a deep interest and extraordinary sympathy is manifested for human suffering! In addition to living witnesses such as these, even the idle and vicious, the guilty criminals of our Penitentiaries (such have been the efforts of late to improve their physical and intellectual condition) must acknowledge that there is some disinterested kindness extant, and that man does indeed feel for his fellow man. The present age will be recorded by the future historian, as remarkable, not only for political changes and for powerful intellectual exertion, but also for the liberality of the humane, and for their united systematic efforts in the cause of benevolence.

This is as it should be, and we would not have in this State one object of humanity built up to the sacrifice of another; far be the attempt from us to divert the streams of benevolence, and still farther to dry up the fountain—all should cherish its active spirit from selfish, if no higher motives; for that man's

happiness is not to be envied, whose vaulting ambition has placed him ever so high on the list of fame, or whose over-grasping avarice has amassed the wealth of Croesus, if he has no community of feeling with his fellow-man; if he has never known the happiness of alleviating the cares and sorrows of others, of doing kind and benevolent actions; but we do consider the indifference, the cold-blooded apathy unaccountable, except it be from ignorance of their situation, which has until recently existed in New-Hampshire in regard to the treatment of her insane, while so much sympathy has been expressed and extended to every other class of our unfortunates, and even to the unenlightened of foreign countries. We do consider it unaccountable, unless the gloomy pail of ignorance and superstition is so far hanging over us at the present time, that we attribute insanity to the influence of evil spirits, rather than moral or physical causes, that those who have enquired with such solicitude into the situation, and were so earnestly engaged in improving the condition of *even convicts*, should pass heedlessly by the cold and loathsome dungeon where lay the guiltless and unhappy maniac. Our State has been long enough disgraced by consigning some of the good, the great and virtuous—and who on that account were as devoid of criminality as an individual attacked by another disease—to chains and dungeons, with untried persons of all colours and degrees of crime,—the reputed pirate and murderer,—the highway robber as well as the petty thief—and by adopting that course of treatment too, precisely, which in calling back the unsettled and wandering intellect, has a direct tendency to fix it more firmly in its wild and distracted mood.

But we have already extended this communication beyond what we intended; we shall however in future numbers, advocate the establishment of a Hospital in this State for our insane,—and hope that we shall not be obliged to give up our efforts, until we see the consummation of our wishes. P.

Culture of Silk. No. 13.

Original.

Mulberry seedlings of one and two years old, while the roots are feeble, are sometimes thrown out of the ground in the spring; this takes place on certain soils when the days are warm and the nights cold; they must not be thrust down again in the earth, but pulled out and placed in the cellar, dirt thrown over the roots; and, when the frost is out of the ground, set out again; thus they may all be preserved. When purchasing or selecting trees, avoid those which have indented or scollop'd leaves; they yield less and are less nutritious.

A person observed in my hearing the other day, that silk culture was all nonsense, that he had *forty* worms the last summer and got nothing of consequence from them. True, there is nothing to be gained from attending a small number, but if he had fed forty thousand or four hundred thousand, he would have received four times as much as he would from any other culture. If worms are fed on

shelves, placed one above another like those in a dairy, they should be narrower as they rise, to prevent injury if the worms fall: just before they are ready to spin and when full of the silk material, a fall of three or four feet will shake the brain and trouble it so much, that they are incapable of forming the model or outline of the ball. There is evidence of design and plan in this and great skill is necessary. In locating his defences to secure the ball, you will perceive the animal pressing his breast against the silk cords to ascertain their strength and sufficiency. He has a very sensible countenance and I hope will soon become a great favorite; has good letters of recommendation, and no doubt his merits will be properly appreciated when people examine his credentials. He comes in no questionable shape is introduced in modest guise and without pretension, improves much on acquaintance, the object of continued attention he dresses himself in golden hues, and finally weary of admiration, without disturbing the company, he takes French leave, and retires to wind up the beautiful result, the brilliant and useful cocoon.

Light of Truth.

By B. F. Balfanz.

Original.

"Let there be light," the first command,
That burst from heaven's exalted throne;
Jehovah gave the stern decree
And forth immediate radiance shone.

The sun, the glorious orb of day,
Was ordered to assume his sphere;
To shed on earth his enlivening ray,
To shine abroad from year to year.

But there's a light, a brighter light,
Than sun of nature e'er can claim;
'Tis shed throughout creation's space,
And bears a great and glorious name.

This light has shone since man was made,
And it will shine till worlds decay;
Its radiance far eclipsed the morn,
With it the glorious sun is day.

Let us inquire what is this light,
That shines with such refugent blaze?
Its name is TRUTH—TRUTH doth invite
Every poor wandering soul to grace.

Elegant Extract, from a Sermon on War, delivered January 25, 1335, by Rev. Dr. Channing—just published:—"The idea of Honor is associated with war. But to whom does the honor belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged to it. The mass of a people, who stay at home and hire others to fight, who sleep in their warm beds and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth, who sit at their well spread board and hire others to take the chance of starving, who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds and to linger in comfortless hospitals, certainly this mass reap little honor from war. The honor belongs to those who immediately engage in it. Let me ask then, what is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a

fellow creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses, hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant and the magnificent abode of opulence, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honorable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist. It is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honorable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn and cheer human life, and if these arts be honorable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?"

German Students. The German students or Burschen, are conspicuous objects in the towns which contain universities. We saw those of Heidelberg, Freyburg, in Breisgau and Bonn; the first looked best to the eye, and the last the worst. On inquiry, I learned from one of themselves that the practices of smoking, beer drinking, and duel fighting, proceed with their wonted vigor. Their beer potations take place chiefly on particular days, just as the young men at our Scottish universities occasionally hold dinners and suppers for the sake of conviviality. I have not seen any of the students drink, but have been disturbed by their singing in chorus on the streets, at eleven or twelve at night. Their duels are their worst habits; but these are very rarely serious in their consequences. The combatants are clothed in thick leather, all but their face; they stand at full arm's length distance, and the whole evolutions must be performed by motions of the head and wrist, it being unfair to use the arm in cutting. The duel is sometimes confined to so many rounds, at the end of which honor is stated, although no blood be drawn; sometimes the agreement is, that it shall continue till one party is wounded, and then it stops on the slightest scratch being given or received; and very rarely the combat lasts till both parties are tired of fighting. We saw a student leaving the Bonn, either finally, or at least for the season. He was attended to the steamboat by about thirty of his companions, who, as the boat put off from the pier, commenced singing a valedictory chorus, which continued, with waving caps, as long as the sound could reach the vessel. It was returned by the waving cap and arm of the departing youth. The scene was interesting, as bespeaking an affectionate, or at least an imaginative people.

The Caspian sea, which in part divides Europe and Asia, is the largest lake in the world. Its area is computed to be 150,000 square miles. It is a remarkable fact, that the surface of this lake is three hundred feet below the level of the ocean.

Tale of a Chemist.

The advancement of knowledge is the triumph of truth, and, as such, is the eventual interest of mankind; inasmuch as the extension of reason is by its very definition the necessary object of rational beings. Timid theologians have trembled on the confines of some topics which might lead to dangerous discovery; forgetful that religion and truth, if not identical, are at least inseparable.—Some nice and sensitive chemists have foreborne the search of the *ne plus ultra* in alchemy, dreading that as gold is the great fountain of wickedness on earth, the indefinite increase of that metal might be the unlimited multiplication of human evil: but forgetting that in all human affairs, from fluids up to theories, there is a specific gravity in all things which keeps constant the level of terrestrial operations, and prevents the restless brain of man from raising any edifice, in brick or discovery, high enough to be the ruin of his own species. To me, however, the one consideration, that the eternal search of knowledge and truth is the very object of our faculties, has been the main spring of my life, and although my individual sufferings have been far from light, yet at their present distance the contemplation gives me pleasure, and I have the satisfaction to reflect that I am now in possession of that art which is continually employed, day and night, for the benefit of the present generation and ages yet to come.

I was born in the Semlainogorod of Moscow; and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philosopher's stone: my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent which pervaded the universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers—the planets move round the sun—and the very sun itself, with its planets, moons, and satellites, revolve forever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity,—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the proportions of these constituent parts had long baffled me, and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements, was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist;—a burning furor drove me to an immediate essay of my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me in my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump—applied it to my body—turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant the first of all created beings—devoid of weight! Up sprang my hair—my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles; which were no longer curbed by

re-action of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend,—closed my arms carefully to my side, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some retired spot in the city where I might make instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait, I waded with the uneasy, unsteady motion of a man in water whose toes might barely reach the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced, but the anticipation of vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the cathedral of the Seven Towers: nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring! I rose with a slow, uniform motion;—but gracious Heaven! imagine my horror and distress, when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress; and, when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city—motionless, and destitute of every means of descent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself, for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight. I stretched my arms toward the earth, and implored assistance. Poor fool! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people! I was too high to be personally known; they called to me, and I answered; but they were unable to catch the import, for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, a unicorn, and a devil. I saw a procession of priests come under me to exercise me; but had Satan himself been free of gravity, he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself. At length the fickle mob began to jeer me—the boys threw stones at me, and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and sunk again to the ground. Alas! I thought, would to God it had pierced me, for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I still was, cold, terrified, and motionless—nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this! I poured out a torrent of incoherent prayers to heaven—but heaven seemed as deaf as I deserved.

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprung up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town: but even now new horrors seized me; I might be driven downwards into the Moskwa and drowned; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this, my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Godunoff; the blow and the deep intonation of the bell deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades; I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and ran as straight

as my light substance would permit me to my house. With far greater joy than when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank heaven for my deliverance and slunk into my bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's performance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the re-assembled crowd—looked upward as serious as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I dare say was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that after this trial, I should have burnt my pump, and left gravity to its own operation. But no! I felt I was reserved for great things; such a discovery was no everyday occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talk of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I mean just enough to leave me of the same weight as the atmosphere. Had I been lighter than that, I should have risen involuntarily upward, like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as it was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere, and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer, that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and honor. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required: besides, I found that by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere, I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees; for the constituent parts of gravity, which I have mentioned, enter largely, as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs: thus, in my late essay, I should certainly have eventually descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze; indeed, I should probably have been starved first, though my body would have at last sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skates I gained by leaping at fairs in Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my inimitable performance on the tight rope: but when at last I stood bare-foot on a single needle, and balanced myself head downwards on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to gain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped head-foremost from a chair on the hard floor; twice I sprang into a well, and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions.—But in vain! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her, and determined in some great pursuit to forget my disappointment. A thought struck me. I knew that mortal man had conceived nothing so sublime, and yet it was in my power! I prepared a large tube, and bound myself round with vast bales of provisions, which, with myself, I severally di-

vested of gravity. It was a bright moonlight night. I stood in my garden, with a weightless watch in my hand, gazing on the heavens through the tube. I am confident there was in my face the intrepid air of one who on great occasions can subdue the little feelings of the heart. I had resolved on visiting the planet Venus, and had prudently waited till she was in that part of her orbit which was most distant from the sun and nearest the earth; the first of which might enable me to endure the heat of her atmosphere, and the latter to subsist on the stock of provisions I could conveniently carry. In fact, I had no doubt but that owing to the extreme cold of a great part of the journey, the evaporations from the pores of my body would be little or nothing, and I could, consequently, subsist on a trifling meal. I had arranged some elastic rods of steel to project me with considerable velocity along the tube, the moment the planet should face it: and, by simple multiplication, I was enabled, from the given velocity of projection, and the known distance of the planet, to compute to a day the period of my arrival there. In fact I took double provision, partly from over-abundant precaution, and partly to support me on an immediate return, in case I found the heat oppressive. The moment approached—arrived! The planet stood shining on me down the tube. I looked wildly round me for a last farewell, and was on the point of loosing the springs, when a horrid doubt flashed on me. United saints of Constantinople! should a light breeze blow me from the line of projection, ay, even a single inch, I should shoot past the planet, fly off into immeasurable space and darkness from eternity, whirl raving along cold uncomfortable chaos, or plunge headlong into the sun itself! A moment more, and I had been lost. I stood fixed like a statue, with distended lips, gazing on the frightful planet; my eyes swam round,—my ears rung with hideous sounds,—all my limbs were paralyzed; I shrieked wildly, fainted, and should have sunk to earth, had I not been utterly devoid of weight. But, lifeless as my body stood, my thoughts still teemed with the frightful horrors I had escaped: my phrensy bore me on my voyage, and to this day the recollections of the delirium are fresh on my mind. Methought I was on the very journey I had meditated;—already the earth had faded to a twinkling speck, and Venus, with an expanded disk, lay glittering before me: unhappy being! I had committed blunder on blunder; I had forgot the motion of the planet herself, and the effects of refraction and the aberration of light, and I saw, at the distance of many hundred miles, that I should exactly miss her. It was even so; imagine the horrors of my dream, when, after a bitter journey of twenty-three millions of miles, I exactly missed her by a foot; had there been a tree, a bush, or a large stone, I might have saved myself. I strained my powerless fingers at the planet in vain; I skimmed along the surface rapidly, and at length found myself as swiftly leaving it on one side as I had approached it on the other. And then I fancied I was rushing quickly towards the sun, and, in an approach of some years, suffered as many years the horrid anticipation

of approaching combustion. Well, I thought I passed safely and unscathed by the sun, and launched past him into infinite darkness, except where a stray comet, carrying fuel to the sun, flashed a few years' glitter on my path. Sometimes, in the utter silence of this boundless solitude, some large unseen body would whiz by me with a rushing whirl, rolling in its orbit even here beyond the reach of light, yet still obeying the universal laws of gravitation; alas, how I envied that mass its gravity. And then I heard strange sounds, the hisses of snakes and the shrieks of evil spirits, but saw nothing: sometimes I felt my body pierced, and bruised, and blown about by the winds; and heard my name screamed out at intervals in the waste: and then all would pass away, and leave me still shooting silently on in the same black, hopeless, everlasting track.

After this my phrensy turned, and methought I stood even on the surface of the planet Venus. The ground, if ground it was, seemed nothing but color: I stooped to touch it—my hand passed unresisted through the surface. There was a perpetual undulation on its face not of substance, but of colour: every hue I had seen was there; but all were light, pale, and fleeting; blue faded into violet, violet to the lightest green, green into gentle silver, in perpetual and quick succession. I looked round for the inhabitants of this strange place; methought they too were colors; I saw innumerable forms of bright hues moving to and fro; they had neither shape nor substance—but their outline was in continual change, now swelling to a circle, sinking to an oval, and passing through every variety of curve; emitting the most glittering coruscations, and assuming every diversity of tint. But all these forms were of the brightest and most powerful colors, in opposition to the pale surface along which they floated. But there was order in their motions, and I could discover they were rational beings holding intercourse by faculties we neither have nor can conceive; for at one time I saw a number collect about a pale feeble light, whose coruscations grew less frequent, and the vividness of its colors faded; at last it seemed to die away, and to melt into the surface of the planet from very sameness of color; and then the forms that stood about were for some time feeble and agitated, and at last dispersed. This, I thought, is the death of an inhabitant of the planet Venus. I watched two bright colours that seemed to dance about each other, floated in the most winning curves, and sparkled as they passed. Sometimes they almost met, drew back, and again approached. At the end, in a shower of light, they swam together, and were blended into one for ever.—There is love, then, I thought, even in this unsubstantial clime. A little after, I saw vast troops of hues collect and flash violently; but their flashes were not the soft gentle colors I had just seen, but sharp and dazzling like forked lightning. Vast quantities faded into nothing, and there remained but a few on the spot, brighter, indeed, than they had arrived; but I thought these few brilliant shapes a poor compensation for the numbers that had perished. Even in the planet Venus, I said, there is death, and love, and war; and these, among

beings impalpable and destitute of our earthly faculties. What a lesson of humility I read! I passed my hand through many of these forms—there was no resistance,—no sense of touch; I shouted, but no sound ensued; my presence was evidently unnoticed—there existed not the earthly sense of sight. And yet, I thought, how we creatures of earth reason on God's motives, as if he were endued with faculties like our own; while we even differ from these created phantoms of a sister-world, as much perhaps as they from the tenants of Jupiter, and far more from the creatures of other systems! But there was still one thing common to us all. All these bright beings floated close to the surface, and it was evident that to keep the restless beings of a creation to their respective worlds, a general law was necessary. Great Newton! neither touch, nor taste, nor sight, nor sound, are universal, but gravity is for ever. I alone am the only wretched being whom a feverish curiosity has peeled of this general garb, and rendered more truly unsubstantial than the thin sliding hues I gazed on.

After some time I fancied my own native planet was shining above me. I sprang frantically upward, but many a dreary century passed by, before I approached near enough to distinguish the objects on its surface. Miserable being! I was again out of the proper line, and I should have passed once more into boundless darkness, had I not, in passing the earth's surface, imbibed a small portion of gravity; not indeed sufficient to draw me to it, but strong enough to curve my line of flight, and make me revolve round earth like a moon, in an elliptic orbit. This was, perhaps, the most wretched of the phantasies of my brain: in continual sight of my native land, without the chance of approaching it by a foot! There I was, rolling in as permanent and involuntary an orbit as any planet in the heavens; with my line of nodes, syzygy, quadratures, and planetary inequalities.

But the worse of it was, I had imbibed, with that small portion of gravity, a slight share of those terrestrial infirmities I had hitherto felt free from. I became hungry—and my hunger, though by the slowest degrees, continually increased, and at the end of some years, I felt as if reduced to the most emaciated state. My soul felt gradually issuing from my tortured body, and at last, by one of the strange inconsistencies of dreams, I seemed in contemplation of myself. I saw my lifeless body whirling round its primary, its limbs sometimes frozen into ghastly stiffness, sometimes dissolved by equinoctial heat, and swinging in the wide expanse. I know not if it sprang from the pride inherent in all created beings, but this contemplation of the ultimate state of degradation of my poor form, gave me greater distress than any part of my phrensyed wanderings. Its extreme acuteness brought me to myself. I was still standing in my garden, but it was daylight, and my friends stood looking on my upright, though fainting form, almost afraid to approach me. I was disengaged from my tubs and sacks, and carried to bed. But it did not escape the notice of the bystanders, that I was destitute of weight; and although I took care to show myself publicly with a proper

gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls, were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was myself that celebrated individual. I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at my pleasure; for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself, and therefore, when I endeavored to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected, indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me, and filled myself, by its means, with gravity, when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my reflection, I set painfully about devising some method of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labor and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method:—

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading as it does every body in nature, impalpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called by a termination common among chemists, "gravium." When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy consistence, which might be called "essential oil of gravitation;" and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian-rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze, and admitting the atmosphere through it (like the celebrated English Davy Lamp,) as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight; and when I squeezed it again, the azote receded through the gauze, and left the weightless oil. Thank heaven, I was now in possession of the ultimatum of my inquiries, the means of jumping into the air without any weight, and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend. As I feared, I was indicted as a sorcerer, and condemned to be hung; I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening, when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country. At Petersburg I heard that Captain Khark of Voronetz was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I de-

manded an interview. "Sir," said I, "I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of every thing going on in the fortress you are to attack; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage and keep my secret." I saw by his countenance he considered me an imposter.—"Sir," I said, "promise me secrecy, and you shall behold a specimen of my art." He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprung upward, and played along the ceiling to his great amaze. He was a man of honor, and kept his promise; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors; and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck; and by habit I knew the exact quantity which was requisite in northern climes. But when I had ascended to view the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason: If you hold an orange at its head and stalk, by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies will be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and thumb, while those that are nearer are far less affected by the rotatory motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend in the northern climates with a very slight weight; but I now found, that in the equatorial regions I was thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong sea-breeze was blowing. I was borne rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaped being shot, and found myself passing in the noblest manner over the whole extent of India. Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country spread out like a map beneath me. I recognised the scenes of historical interest.—There rolled the Hydaspes, by the very spot where Porus met Alexander. There lay the track of Mahmoud the great Gazneyide. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right. I passed over the head-quarters of Persia in her different ages, Herat, Ispahan, Kamadan. Then came Arbela on my right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus and crushed a dynasty whose sway reached uninterrupted for 2000 miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian, on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, had learnt on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A strong puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at-length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hopelessness of my situation distressed me much.—

After passing over so many hot countries where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased. From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too heavy to trust again to the winds—intrenched as I was, between the Black sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl, I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage natives cast lots for me, and I became a slave. My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all, even to my fellow servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders, it felt so top-heavy, that upon the slightest wind I was sure to tumble over—and then I was chastised: my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single kick on the breech. But however powerless against lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weights under which the most powerful men in the country sunk; for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support: I was, therefore, enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall, but on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The whole country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death; I had bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave. But notwithstanding the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows, and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit by my want of weight, and the energy which despair supplied me. Sometimes when they pressed hardest on me, I would leap up a perpendicular crag, twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined, if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some port in Cathenolaw, and retire where I might pass the remainder of life, under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated, I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine—and to this wretched place state exiles are frequently doomed.—The name became proverbial; and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English, that the word "Pityus" is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we sailed for Azof; but when we came off the straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are poured into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale

the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgle in the waves and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But after the first hurry for existence, I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling, I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as a couch. I loosened my neck-cloth, and spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night; by night I dared not close my eyes for fear of falling backward—and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair—fragments of wrecks: and then I looked on my own sorry craft: once I struck my feet against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach, between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and, by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my passage, I have purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days unknown and unseen in a large forest near Minsk. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle, that fell with the independence of this unhappy country, I await my end. I have let little to regret at my native Moscow, neither friends, nor reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation—than life—than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus, on improved principles, to operate on gravity; and I am now employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation, than of all mankind that are to come.—In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth, in order to bring it nearer the sun; and though, by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded, may be guessed from the recent errors in the Almanacs about the eclipses, and from the late mild winters.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday March 6, 1835.

It having been suggested by many friends that a publication like ours would better meet the approbation and secure the patronage of our citizens were it published less frequently and at a diminished price, the publishers have determined, after closing the first half volume of twenty six numbers, to issue the Gazette semi-monthly, in its present form, at one dollar a year. Considerable improvement will be made in the appearance of the paper. Engraved heads will be procured for the different de-

partments; a colored cover will enclose each copy; and, in short, no effort will be spared to render it acceptable to the reading community.

We have just perused with high gratification the second annual report of the Trustees of the *State Lunatic Asylum* at Worcester Mass. The friends of the Institution, as well as the well-wishes of humanity in general, must be filled with joy at its successful progress during the two years of its existence.—That the establishment has been well managed, and that its results have been highly beneficial, is abundantly proved by the facts of this report—that of *one hundred and fifteen patients* discharged during the past year, *sixty-four* were cured and *twenty-two* improved; *the cures amounting to fifty-five and three fourths per cent.* “Any one who reflects for a minute, that within that period sixty-four persons, who by a dreadful malady had been cut off from all the enjoyments of life, have been restored to reason, to health, to a power of mental action and enjoyment, will acknowledge at once the wisdom of this benevolent institution; but when we add to this, the recollection of the circle of family and friends around each of these unfortunate beings who are grateful for the return of their relatives to health and happiness, the parent or child that blesses the provision which has made home again the abode of domestic bliss—every one will rank such an institution, among the most valued in the land—and bless the legislature by whose bounty it was founded.” *When will the people of New Hampshire have the satisfaction of indulging in a like pleasant reflection? How long shall the sufferings of the unhappy victims of insanity among us cry in vain for relief?*

ALLEN PRESCOTT, OF THE FORTUNES OF A NEW ENGLAND BOY, is the title of an excellent novel, by Miss Sedwick, just issued from the press of the Harpers. We extract the following brief but just and happy analysis from the Boston Atlas:

Allen Prescott is strictly a New England tale. Its characters, scenery, and dialogues, can be found no where else than in New England. Allen is a New England boy, the son of a New England mother. The elements of his character are of New England growth—the turn of his thoughts has the impress of New England upon it; and above all, his fortunes are such as could have befallen him under no other than a New England sky. His mother is left a widow in straitened circumstances. He is sent to school after the New England fashion, and receives the average amount of instruction of New England boys. In his school-going days he had a boyish affair of the heart with Love Heywood, a little girl

some years younger than himself whom he had once rescued from a snow storm. All this is imagined and described with an exquisite knowledge of New England life. The growth of this youthful tenderness into a love full-fledged and ready to fly, is traced with a tact and grace that belong to a female pen alone. Every one whose fortunes have thrown him in early life among the scenes and events of the country, will feel the truth and simplicity of all this part of the tale. The stirring of young ambition in Allen's breast, drives him forth to seek his fortunes. He shows the practical good sense which may be seen every day among the middling and lower classes—namely, a willingness to set his foot first on the lowest runnel in the ladder. He becomes a servant in a respectable family in Albany; and while in that condition behaves in such a manner as to receive the good will of his master. Allen has a quick eye and a firm mind. Opportunities occur of making usual acquisitions in learning—the genuine New Englander's pride. Of these he avails himself promptly and energetically.—We cannot follow him in his progress, without telling his whole story, and that is much better done in the novel. Suffice it to say that the star of success leads him westward, and by degrees he rises to the rank of a distinguished lawyer, and is elected to represent his district in Congress.

Meantime his love matters have taken the usual course. The little girl has grown into a sprightly and captivating woman. She has admirers of course, and Allen has his troubles. A young gentleman from the city crosses our hero's path, and, like a comet in the solar system, acts with a disturbing force on the regular luminaries. In other words, what with coarse and ambitious mothers, coquettish daughters and the jealous perversities of lovers' hearts, the course of true love did not run a whit the smoother in the humble vale of New England life, than among the loftier scenery of more aristocratic communities. However, all troubles must have their end—and so did our hero's; he was at length married, and passed his life, we presume, in the enjoyment of respect abroad and happiness at home.

There is a prevailing good taste through this book, which is highly pleasing. But it shows a delicate and cultivated mind, rather than originality of genius; habits of close observation, with not much creative power; and a chaste style of composition, that rarely rises into eloquence or vigor.

Among the ladies who have distinguished themselves among our relatives, there are two whose writings are in high esteem, Miss Leslie and Mrs. Sigourney, and of very different characters. The former has the light and sketching pencil of our Miss Edgeworth, or Mrs. S. C. Hall, illustrating native characteristics with a free but amiable portraiture, in tales and incidents, and diffusing over the whole so benevolent a feeling that we love the characters they represent, with all their feelings.—Mrs. Sigourney, on the contrary, resembles our Mrs. Hemans; her pictures are of a more grave and serious cast of coloring.—*London Monthly Magazine.*

POETRY.

The Christian Mourner.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Original.

I saw a dark procession slowly wind
Mid funeral shades—and a lone mourner stand
Fast by the yawning of the pit, that whelm'd
His bosom's idol.—Then the sable scene
Faded away,—and to his alter'd home
Sad fancy follow'd him, and saw him fold
His one, lone babe, in agoniz'd embrace,
And kiss the brow of helpless innocence,—
That in its blessed ignorance, wail'd not
A mother lost.—Yet she, who would have watch'd
Each germ of intellect, each bud of truth,
Each fair unfolding of the fruit of heaven,
With thrilling joy,—slept in her lowly bed,
With lip unanswering to her darling's voice.

There were the flowers she planted; blooming
fair,
As if in mockery;—there the varied stores
That in the beauty of their order, charm'd
At once the tasteful, and the studious hour,—
Pictures, and tinted shells, and treasure'd tomes;—
But the presiding mind,—the cheerful glance,
The greeting tone,—the spirit-stirring smile,
Are fled forever.

And he knoweth all,—
Hath felt it all, deep in his tortur'd soul,
Till Reason and Philosophy did faint
Beneath a grief like his.—Whence hath he then,
The power to comfort others,—and to speak
Thus of the resurrection?—He hath found
That hope which is an anchor to the soul,—
And with a martyr-courage, holds him up,
To bear the will of God.—

Say, ye who dare
The sea of life, by summer gales impell'd—
Have ye this anchor?—here, a time will come
For storms to try you, and strong blasts to rend
Your painted sails, and shred your gold-like chaff
To the wild wave: and what a wreck is man,
If sorrow find him unsustain'd by God!

Pursuit of Pleasure.

Original.

We always look forward to scenes, unseen,
Forgetting the pains of to-day—
The future is cloudless—the climate serene;—
The past—it has all past away.

So onward we go, still hoping to gain
The goal which we vision ahead,
Arrived—the trophy is nothing but pain,—
The pleasure we visioned has fled.

Yet onward again, we hie in the chase,
Still hoping to take her anon,
But while we've an eye on her bright sunny face,
Our ears are saluted with "on, still on."

Thus onward we go till age and disease
Begin the still work of decay;
Death ends the delusion—the soul has release,
And is wafted to God,* away.

ELIZA.

*"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was:
and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."
Ecl. 12: 7.

To her who best can understand them.

Original.

"Had I lov'd thee and been slighted,
That I better could have borne;
Love is quell'd, when unrequited,
By the rising pulse of scorn.

Pride may cool what passion heated,
Time may tame the wayward will,

But the heart in friendship cheated
Throbs with woe's most mad'ning thrill."

This thrill of woe we may subdue
By vigorous resolution,
I can control my love for you
And conquer all my passion.

'Tis true I sought your heart to gain
Esteeming it a treasure,
My feelings frankly did explain,
And thought you heard with pleasure.

If I at first indeed did find
A place in your affection,
This short success but left behind
A bitter recollection.

In vain I thought you'd find in me
One dearer than a brother,
Since ties observed most sacredly
Had bound you to another.

Whoe'er—the human heart doth know—
The power of human feeling—
Hath felt the passions fiery glow,
Through every art'ry stealing—

Hath felt the tempests of the soul—
Hath disappointment tasted—
Felt all "the tides of passion" roll,
When fondest hopes were wasted—

'Tis he alone can fully know
With what intense emotion
I read the letter which did show
Your final resolution.

And did the feelings still hold sway,
That were by that excited,
My grief would scarce be chased away,
By all earth's charms united.

Those griefs and feelings, though subdued,
Are still by mem'ry cherished,
A pleasing pain, that's oft renewed,
Reminds me they've not perished.

Where hearts are nominally bound,
A friend may be rejected,
A single effort oft 'tis found
A transfer has effected.

Perchance this effort you begun,
And thus perchance you found it—
The heart is ne'er transferred from one
To whom affection bound it—

Then I've no reason to complain,
Though passion hard has striven,
I would not seek a hand to gain
"Where not a heart was given."

Think not resentment fills my breast,
Or envy of a rival,
Because the hopes I once expressed
Are dead beyond revival.

To keep my heart be it my care
From envy or resentment—
Let no base passion rankle there,
But all be sweet contentment.

And since your love I may not claim
Your friendship I solicit
This is indeed a dimmer flame
But milder, calmer is it.

L

Ruins of North America.

By John Neal.

There may be no such ruins in America as
are found in Europe, or in Asia, or in Africa;
but other ruins there are, of a prodigious
magnitude—the ruins of a mighty people.—
There may be no place of pilgrimage in Amer-
ica, unless it be some lonely battle ground, al-
ready forgotten by the neighborhood, over-
grown with a forest, and overshadowed with a
perpetual deep darkness, or covered far and

wide, with a sea of weltering herbage—the
fruitful vegetation of death; no places that
have been sanctified by song and story ages
after ages with beautiful and fierce poetry;
with here and there a small spot of earth shut
in by the great hills, or fortified by the ever-
lasting rocks, where the red man withstood
the white man, while the noise of the flash of
the terrible weapons with which the latter
shot fire into the hearts of the former, appeared
to the savage to be that very noise and bright-
ness which he had seen set fire to the woods
about his path, tear up the earth under his
feet, and shatter the very sky over his head:
or some other shadowy quiet place or smooth
hill top, where the men of the revolution made
war upon their fathers and brothers—upon the
most powerful nation of the earth, while her
ships covered the sea, and her armies were
on the march in every part of the globe. There
may be no piles of barbarian architecture, each
a wilderness of turrets, towers, and battlements,
rocking to the breeze, or shadowing the high
places of power in America; no half buried
city, like the pillared and sculptured treasures
of art which encumber the earth and choke up
the rivers of the world, or come and go with
the tide—appear and disappear, day after day,
along the sea shore of states that have perish-
ed forever, cities buried by the volcano or the
earthquake, overthrown by the savage, swept
over by the sea, or swallowed by the desert,
yet crowded with strange beauty and full of a
glorious work; no prodigies of the mist of that
beautiful dim vapor, through which the ban-
nered palaces, the rocky fortresses, and the
haughty piles of Europe loom with a most un-
earthly grandeur. But if there are no such
things in America, there are things which are
to be found no where else on earth now—the
live wreck of a prodigious race that has de-
parted from before our faces within the mem-
ory of man; the last of a people who have no
history, and who but the other day were in
possession of the whole earth.

Comforts of an Irish Cottage. An article in
the London New Monthly for January, has the
following graphic description of an Irish cot-
tage:

"Tell me of the cottage, Loggin."
"God bless you, Ma'am dear, you're cruel
fond of hearing of the cottages; sure the mys-
tery of most of them to this country is alike;
—a wedding, and little to begin with—a pow-
er of children, and little to give them—rack-
rent for the bit of land, turned out, bag and
baggage, for that or the tithe!—beggary, star-
vation, sickness, death!—That's a poor Irish-
man's calendar, since the world was a world,
barrin here and there, now and then, when he
gets a sight of good fortune, by mistake!"

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